

*Troilus and Cressida.*

He send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him  
T'invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat  
To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,  
An appetite that I am sicke withall;  
To see great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; Enter *Thersites*.  
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,  
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

*Ther.* A wonder.

*Ther.* *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

*Achil.* How so?

*Ther.* Hee must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*,  
and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,  
that he raues in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be?

*Ther.* Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a  
stride and a stand: ruminates like an hollse, that hath no  
Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckon-  
ning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should  
say, there were wit in his head and two'd out; and so  
there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,  
which will not shew without knocking. The mans vn-  
done for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' com-  
bat, heele break't himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes  
not mee: I said, good morrow *Ajax*; And he replies,  
thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man,  
that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very  
land-fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of o-  
pinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather  
Jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites*.

*Ther.* Who, I: why, heele answer no body: he pro-  
fesses not answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares  
his tongue in's armes: I will put on his presence; let *Pa-  
troclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-  
ant of *Ajax*.

*Achil.* To him *Patroclus*; tell him, I humbly desire the  
valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector*, to come  
vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his  
person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, fixe or  
seauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian  
Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

*Patro.* Ioue blesse great *Ajax*.

*Ther.* Hum.

*Patro.* I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

*Ther.* Ha?

*Patro.* Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector*  
to his Tent.

*Ther.* Hum.

*Patro.* And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

*Ther.* *Agamemnon*?

*Patro.* I my Lord.

*Ther.* Ha?

*Patro.* What say you too't.

*Ther.* God bay you with all my heart.

*Patro.* Your answer sir.

*Ther.* If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke  
it will goe one way or other; howsoeuer, he shall pay for  
me ere he has me.

*Patro.* Your answer sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well withall my heart.

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

*Ther.* No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will  
be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines; I know  
not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his

finewes to make catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him  
straight.

*Ther.* Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the  
more capable creature.

*Achil.* My minde is troubled like a Fountaine stir'd,  
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

*Ther.* Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere  
againe, that I might water an Ass at it: I had rather be a  
Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore *Aeneas* with a Torch, at another  
*Paris*, *Diophobus*, *Antenor*, *Diomed* the  
Grecian, with Torches.

*Par.* See hoa, who is that there?

*Dioph.* It is the Lord *Aeneas*.

*Aene.* Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long  
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly businesse,  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*Diom.* That's my minde too: good morrow Lord.

*Par.* A valiant Greeke *Aeneas*, take his hand,  
Witness the proceesse of your speech within;  
You told how *Diomed*, in a whole weeke by dayes  
Did haunt you in the Field.

*Aene.* Health to you valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce:  
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,  
As hea. can thinke, or courage execute.

*Diom.* The one and other *Diomed* embraces,  
Our bloods are now in calme; and so long health:  
But when contention, and occasion meetes,  
By Ioue, Ile play the hunter for thy life,  
With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.

*Aene.* And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye  
With his face backward, in humane gentleness:  
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchises* life,  
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I sweare,  
No man aliue can loue in such a sort,  
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

*Diom.* We sympathize, Ioue let *Aeneas* liue  
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)  
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,  
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:

With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

*Aene.* We know each other well.

*Diom.* We doe, and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most, despightful'st gentle greeting;  
The noblest hatefull Ioue, that ere I heard of.  
What businesse Lord so early?

*Aene.* I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greeke  
To *Calchas*'s house; and there to render him,  
For the enfrued *Antenor*, the faire *Cressid*:  
Lers haue your company; or if you please,  
Haste there before vs. I constantly doe thinke  
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)  
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night,  
Rouse him, and giue him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality whereof, I feare  
We shall be much vnwelcome.

*Aene.* That I assure you;

*Troilus* had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
Then *Cressid* borne from Troy.

*Par.* There

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Par.* There is no helpe:  
The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so.  
On Lord, weele follow you.

*Aene.* Good morrow all. Exit *Aeneas*.

*Par.* And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,  
Euen in the soule of sound good fellow ship,  
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?  
My selfe, or *Meneclaus*?

*Diom.* Both alike.

He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,  
Not making any scruple of her soylure,  
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.

And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,  
Not palliating the taste of her dishonour.

With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:  
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp

The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:

You like a lecher, out of whorish loynes,

Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:

Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,

But heas he, which heavier for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your country-woman.

*Diom.* Shee's bitter to her country: heare me *Paris*,

For euery false drop in her baudy veines,

A Grecians life hath funke: for euery scruple

Other contaminated carrion weight,

A Trojan hath beene flaine. Since she could speake,

She hath not giuen so many good words breath,

As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.

*Par.* Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

But we in silence hold this vertue well;

Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.

Here lyes our way.

Exeunt.

Enter *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

*Tro.* Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.

*Cres.* Then sweet my Lord, lie call mine Vnckle down;  
He shall vnbolt the Gates.

*Tro.* Trouble him not:

To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,

And giue as soft attachment to thy fences,

As Infants empty of all thought.

*Cres.* Good morrow then.

*Tro.* I priethee now to bed.

*Cres.* Are you a weary of me?

*Tro.* O *Cressida*! but that the busie day

Wak't by the Lark, hath rous'd the ribauld Crows,

And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:

I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath beene too briefe. (staves,

*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she

As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of Ioue,

With wings more momentary, swift then thought:

You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* Priethee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;

O foolish *Cressid*, I might haue still held off,

And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?

*Par.* within. What's all the doores open here?

*Tro.* It is your Vnckle. Enter *Pandarus*.

*Cres.* A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking;

I shall haue such a life.

*Par.* How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?

Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Cressid*?

*Cres.* Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:

You bring me to doo---and then you floute me too.

*Par.* To do what? to do what? let her say what:

What haue I brought you to doe?

*Cres.* Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be  
good, nor suffer others.

*Par.* Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chippochia*, bast  
not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it  
sleepe: a bug-beare take him. One knockes.

*Cres.* Did not I tell you? would he were knockt i'th'  
head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and see.

My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:

You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha.

*Cres.* Come you are decei'd, I thinke of no such thing.  
How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. Knocke.

I would not for halfe Troy haue you scene here. Exeunt.

*Par.* Who's there? what's the matter? will you beare  
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

*Aene.* Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

*Par.* Who's there my Lord? *Aeneas*? by my troth I  
knew you not: what newes with you so early?

*Aene.* Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

*Par.* Here? what should he doe here?

*Aene.* Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:  
It doth import him much to speake with me.

*Par.* Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be  
sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should  
he doe here?

*Aene.* Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him  
wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be  
false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch  
him hither, goe.

Enter *Troilus*.

*Tro.* How now, what's the matter?

*Aene.* My Lord, I scarce haue leifure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: there is at hand,

*Paris* your brother, and *Diophobus*,

The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Antenor*:

Deliver'd to vs, and for him forth-with,

Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,

We must giue vp to *Diomed*'s hand

The Lady *Cressida*.

*Tro.* Is it concluded so?

*Aene.* By *Priamus*, and the generall state of Troy,

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

*Tro.* How my atchieuements mocke me;

I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Aeneas*,

We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

*Aene.* Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature

Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. Exeunt.

Enter *Pandarus* and *Cressid*.

*Par.* Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell  
take *Antenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague  
vpon *Antenor*; I would they had brok's necke.

*Cres.* How now? what's the matter? who was here?

*Par.* Ah, ha!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?  
gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?

*Par.* Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am  
aboue.

*Cres.* O the gods! what's the matter?

*Par.* Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been  
borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gen-  
tleman: a plague vpon *Antenor*.

¶ 2

*Cres.* Good